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# Aunt Sally's songster

# London

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# AUNT SALLY'S

## SONGSTER.

When t e fair land of Poland
The Bonn Light-Horseman
To all you Ladies
The M st'etoe Bough
Tippetywitchet
The Goose Club
Hot Codlings
I am called the jovial Miller
Riflemen, Form!
Forty Years ago

A Perfect Cure
Fire down d: Street
Maid of Athens
May he who wears a sulky Face
Phillis is my only joy
Old Bob Ridley, oh!
All a ong the Barley
Pretty Rosaline
Nil Desperandum

Annie, dear, Good bye
Oh! wilt thou be my bride Kathleen?
Young Man from th- Country
Wait for the Waggon
Man the Life-Boat
The Old Chimney Corner
In this old Chair, my Father sat
The Doctor's Boy

London: Printed by W. S. FORTEY, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury.

# AUNT SALLY'S

# Old Aunt Sally's Songster.

## Old Aunt Sally.

They call me Old Aunt Sally,
  Listen, and hear my fame.
I will bring b fore your notice,
  This pretty little game.
To please you all I'll try,
  You know that is my plan,
You shall hear how I was served
  By a fast young man.

  Kind friends all,
    An unlucky girl I am,
  So pity Old Aunt Sally,
    Who has lost her fast young man.

It was at the famous races,
  Upon the Derby day,
Where I first met this young man,
  He looked so spruce and gay.
He said to me "My lass."
  While he played three shies a penny,
"Would you like to have a go,
  At my Old Aunt Sally.'
    Kind friends, &c.

I began to throw the sticks,
  To hit Sally on the nose,
I never gave a thought,
  How quick the money goes;
I know I play'd for hours,
  The boys cried "dont you tarry,
I've plenty more sticks here,
  To shy at Old Aunt Sally.
    Kind friends, &c.

"I now wants just two pounds."
  Said the man, to my surprise,
"For your young man has bolted,"
  I stared with all my eyes.
The money I had to pay,
  About which I did not dally.
Now the folks call after me,
  "Do you like Old Aunt Sally."

  So good folks all,
    An unlucky girl I am,
  So pity Old Aunt Sally,
    Who has lost her fast young man.

## I am called the jovial Miller.

I am called the jovial miller,
And well I love my calling;
The cares of state never plague my pate,
I loathe all politics brawling.
Rich in himself is the jovial miller,
Needs no friends that flatter;—
Mill, ratt e roundabout never was a sound
To match your cheerful clatter.

Though the squire has grand acquaintance,
His wealth they help to squander;
My mates bring grists—all else, who list,
May hunt the big house yonder.
Rich in himself, &c.

Though with lace the squire is dizen'd,
And swears the ladies love it;
Sure none will slight this coat of white,
With the hearty face above it.
Rich in himself, &c.

## May he who wears a sulky Face.

May he who wears a sulky face,
While all are laughing round,
Betake him to some dismal place—
Some solitude profound.
Let him be merry there,
And we will be merry here;
For who can know where he may go,
To be merry another year?

May he who scorns the merry jest,
That drives away dull care;
'Mid owls and ravens take his rest,
And feel the dread nightmare.
Let him be merry, &c.

May he that cannot beauty prize,
As all good fellows do;
Upon the dead wall rest his eyes,
With nothing else in view.
Let him be merry, &c.

May he who only sips his glass,
(A craven soul is he),
His life among the deserts pass,
Of thirsty Araby,
Let him be merry, &c.

## Fire down de Street.

De fireman's a lucky man,
Put out de burning chunks he can,
He wears de grand militia clothes,
Like a general, work de hose.
Emma, it is freezing hard,
Can't get any water in de yard;
Don't you hear de horses bellor?
Joe's broken his wooden leg, poor feller!
Hurrah! de fire's almost out,
De cat's fell down de water spout,
De roof is fell, oh, what a crash?
All the crockery gone to smash.

## Maid of Athens.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give back my heart;
Or, since that has left my breast,
and take the rest.
Hear my vow before I go,
My life, life, I love thee.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wood by each Ægean wind:
By those lips, whose jetty fringe,
Kiss thy soft cheek's bloom to tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
My life, my life, I love thee.

Maid of Athens, I am gone,
Think of me, sweet, when alone;
Though I fly to Istamboul,
Athens holds my heart and soul.
Can I cease to love thee? No!
My life, my life, I love thee!

## Phillis is my only joy.

Phillis is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds and seas,
Sometimes forward, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please.
If with a frown
I'm cast down,
Phillis smiling,
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.
Phillis is my only joy, &c.

Though, alas! too late I find,
Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her tricks,
Which, though I see,
I can't get free;
She's deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more?
Phillis is my only joy, &c.

## In this old Chair my Father sat.

In this old chair my father sat,
In this my mother smiled;
I feel their blessings on me wave,
And deem myself a child.
I feel the kiss of their fond love—
Joy, joy, too bright to last!
Oh, why will cruel time remove,
Or Mem'ry paint the past;

And here, alas, when they are gone,
In Beauty's own array;
A pitying angel on me shone,
To chase each grief away.
But oh, it was delusive love,
Too sweet, too pure to last,
An if such dream Time must remove,
Mem'ry, why paint the past.

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# A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

## The Goose Club.

Joe Pickles to his wife did say,
On the first of last September;
'Twas a banyan fine last Christmas day,
Old gal if you remember.
This year might bring the same ill-luck,
So to secure some spruce grub,
Says Joe, 'I'll tell you what my duck,
I'll go and join a Goose club.'

Now Mrs. Pickles gave consent,
Scarce knowing what it all meant,
To the 'Dog & Dishclout' off Joe went,
And paid his first instalment.
He went as regular you'll believe,
And didn't he go spruce out,
At eight o'clock on Christmas eve,
To draw his monster goose out.

He call'd together such a mess,
His uncles, aunts, and cousins
With himself and wife, there was quite a dose
Nearly two-thirds of a dozen.
When goosey on the spit was staked,
Cries Joey, 'Dash my gaiters,
If I shouldn't like to have it baked,
Over sixteen pound of taters.'

Down sat the rough and ready lot,
Wide awake was each looking,
The goosey came up hissing hot.
Cries Joey, 'we'll soon cook him.'
With a carving fork he made a deuce
Of a plunge, but his lady,
She thought he'd stunk a tailor's goose,
What never carries gravy.

Says Joe, 'I hope its done enough.
That's what I do my flowers,'
Cries Mrs. P., 'don't talk such stuff.
It has been down thirteen hours.'
Joe tried again the bird to halve,
It made him puff and faster,
He might as well have tried to halve,
The rock of Gibraltar.

We'll manage it, exclaimed the wives,
And quickly walked their chalk out,
But they over him broke a dozen knives,
And doubled all their forks up;
The precious bird was getting cold,
They eyed each other queerly,
The beggar must have been as old
As the monument, or nearly.

Old Joe began to curse the things,
His Nunkey brought a hatchet,
And tried to lop off one of his wings,
But no-how could detach it.
The old man warm began to wax,
Worn out with chopping and hacking,
At last he got an old pick-axe,
And tried to break his back in.

He fetched him such a nasty knock,
As hard as he was able,
Though goosey stood it like a cock,
In two he split Joe's table.
Below down rolled the ancient quack,
And to raw at being bitten,
Joe danced a hornpipe on his back,
And it bore him like a Briton.

There was no alternative to choose,
They were forced to dine off the stuffing,
Cos barring the antediluvian goose,
They hadn't got not nothing.
If you join Goose-clubs after this,
You have no right to hallo,
At all events 'twont be amiss,
To have a joint to follow.

## Hot Codlings.

A little old woman her living she got,
By selling hot codlings—hot, hot, hot.
This little old woman, as I've been told,
Tho' her codlings were hot, she was nau-
ght cold,
And to keep herself warm, she thought it no
harm
To go and get herself a drop of ——
Tol, lol, &c.

This little old woman set off in a trot,
To get her a quartern of hot, hot, hot,
She swallow'd one glass, and 't was so nice
She tipped off another in a twice,
The glass she filled till the bottle shrunk,
And this little old woman got drunk—
Tol, lol, &c.

This little old woman, while muzzy she got,
Some boys stole her codlings—hot, hot, hot,
For under the pan peep'd, and in it large
coals,
Says this little old woman these codlings are
hot,
The powder, the pan, plump in her face did
smash,
Which set little old woman on her latter—
Tol, lol, &c.

This little old woman got off in a trot,
All in a fury, hot, hot, hot,
Said she,—the like of these little boys never
was known,
For they'll never let a poor old woman alone,
Now here's a moral round, let it be buzzed,
If you want to sell codlings, you must never
get —
Tol, lol, &c.

Cheerfulness in our cups, content in our minds and competency in our pockets. When Bacchus presides at the board, may reason and prudence be his chief supporters. May reason be enthroned supreme, and our passions subject to its laws.

## All among the Barley.

Come out, 'tis now September,
The hunter's moon's begun,
And through the wheaten stubble
Is heard the frequent gun;
The leaves are paling yellow,
Or kindling into red;
And the ripe and golden barley
Is hanging down its head.
All among the barley,
Who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy barley,
Is smiling on the scythe?

The Spring, she is a young maid,
That does not know her mind;
The Summer is a tyrant,
Of most unrighteous kind;
The Autumn is an old friend,
That loves one all he can,
And that brings the happy barley
To glad the heart of man.
All among the barley, &c.

The wheat is like a rich man,
That's sleek and well to do,
The oats are like a pack of girls,
Laughing and dancing too;
The rye is like a miser,
That's sulky, lean and small,
But the free and bearded barley
Is the monarch of them all.
All among the barley, &c.

## Pretty Rosaline.

'Twas near the banks of bonny Tweed,
And in a flowery dell,
A rustic cottage reared its head,
The traveller knew it well.
For there a little lassie dwelt,
As fair as beauty's queen—
Not one so rare, not one so fair,
As pretty Rosaline.
She was so bright, so gay and light,
So meek and mild her mien!
Heaven's own lustre lit the eye
Of pretty Rosaline.

Her aged mother, feeble, blind,
Was Rosa's only care:
Never child was half so kind,
Nor parent half so dear.
To get her food, she'd spin and knit,
Wi' cheerfu' heart I ween;
And blind old Jenny fondly loved
Her pretty Rosaline.
But oh! how gay, at close of day,
They'd wander o'er the green—
Jenny's feeble steps were led
By pretty Rosaline.

A cruel lord, so proud and base,
Sought shelter in the dell;
Unpower'd with her bonny face,
He vow'd—she trusted—fell!
Betrayed, despised, her spirits droop'd
No more she sought the green:
But, like a lily in its bloom,
Died pretty Rosaline.
Her mother dear had none to hear,
She died that very e'en;
And blind old Jenny sleeps beside
Her pretty Rosaline.

## Nil Desperandum.

In the morning of life, with bosom elate,
The youth leaves the home of his heart,
To seek o'er the treacherous ocean his fate,
And in life's busy scene take a part;
For whatever his lot, 'mid trouble and care,
He sings, "Nil Desperandum"
I'll never despair.

O'er ocean's expanse, tho' dark clouds arise,
And storms in loud gusts sweep the waves,
The tempest-toss'd vessel right onward she flies,
Yet the storm most terrific she braves,
For whatever his lot, 'mid trouble and care,
He sings, "Nil Desperandum"
I'll never despair.

At length when the perilous voyage is o'er,
And the vessel at anchor safe lies,
How quickly he springs on his dear native shore,
And how swiftly then homeward he flies;
Then throwing off all his trouble and care,
He sings, "Nil Desperandum,"
I'll never despair.

## Riflemen, Fo' u!

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the south that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder war,
Well if it do not roll our way.
Storm! storm! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
Be not gull'd by the despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
How should a despot set men free?
Form, form, &c.

Let your Reforms for a moment go,
Look to your butts, and take good aims;
Better a rotten borough or so,
Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames.
Form, form, &c.

Form! be ready to do or to die!
Form! in freedom's name and the Queen's!
True that we have a faithful ally,
But only the Devil knows what he means.
Form, form, form! &c.

## Forty Years Ago.

'Tis now some forty years ago,
A man was in his prime;
And forty years ago to him,
Was then a merry time:
His heart was happy light and free,
But time has brought him low;
Still he can with pleasure speak,
Of forty years ago.

He gave to those who sought his aid,
The poor never left his door:
And shelter to the friendless gave
For he gave relief in store.
But age has now passed o'er his head,
He's seen each friend laid low;
And all his youthful days are fled
Full forty years ago.

Now all my once lov'd friends are dead,
(The old man breathed a sigh,)
And I am left alone to weep,
Of happy days gone by.
Now every thing to me seems strange,
The land I scarcely know,
All things have undergone a change,
Since forty years ago.

---

May the pleasures of Britons be as pure as their breezes, and their virtues as firm as their oaks.

An army that will stand; but no standing army.

## A Perfect Cure.

Young Love he plays some funny tricks,
With us unlucky elves,
So gentlemen, I pray look out,
And take care of yourselves,
For once I met a nice young maiden,
Looking so demure,
And all at once to me she cried,
You are a perfect cure.

I wasted on her lots of cash,
In hopes her love to share,
I with her used to cut a dash,
And all things went on square;
Until I caught another chap,
Who on his knees did woo her
She cried, as she my face did slap,
You are a perfect cure.

I call'd upon her the next day,
Concerning that affair;
I took a seat and on it lay,
A strange hat I declare.
Whose hat is that? says I—says she
Not yours, you may be sure,
So you may walk your chalks afore me,
For you are a perfect cure.

Cure or no cure, I replied,
Such insults are not needed
When a tall fellow I espied,
Who nearly half-killed me did.
I through the window took a leap,
And fell in a common sewer,
They dragg'd me out, and loud did shout,
There goes a perfect cure.

I was laid up for seven months
Indeed I'm not romancing,
Which brought on Mr. Tantiny's dance,
That's why I keep on dancing.
One day a Beadle call'd on me,
I felt alarm'd you're sure,
Along with me, come on, says he,
You are the perfect cure.

He took me 'fore the magistrate,
There stood the faithless she
An artful tale she did relate,
And swore the babe to me.
The case created lots of fun,
At my expense, be sure,
So I pay for what I never done
Ain't I a perfect cure.

A cure, the neighbours now call me,
My shopmates say the same
They try to cure me of my love
And rob me of my name.
I've told you all, my song is done,
You'll pity me, I'm sure,
And say, as I away do run,
Arn't you a perfect cure.

## Annie, dear, Good-bye.

I'm leaning o'er the gate, Annie
'Neath thy cottage wall;
The grey dawn breaks, the hour grows late,
I hear the trumpet call,
I could not brook thy cheek so pale,
The sad tear in thine eye—
This heart that laughs at war, might quail—
So, Annie, dear, good-bye.
This heart, &c.

I'm marching with the brave, Annie,
Far from home and thee,
To win renown, perhaps a grave,
A glorious one 'twill be.
But whate'er the fate I meet,
To conquer or to die;
This heart's last throb, for thee will beat,
So, Annie dear, good-bye.
This heart's, &c.

## Oh! wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen?

Oh! wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen?
Though lonely I may be!
My only wealth is this poor heart,
Which beats alone for thee.
The gems which others bring, Kathleen
Upon thy brow to shine;
Oh! do they speak of love and truth,
Like this poor gift of mine.
Oh! wilt thou, &c.

I've not rich robes for thee, Kathleen,
Thy beauty needs no dress;
The pride of queenly splendour fades,
Before thy loveliness.
I have no banquet-hall, Kathleen,
To grace thy bridal-day;
But I've a heart where thou wilt live,
Till life hath passed away.
Oh! wilt thou, &c.

## The Young Man from the Country.

When first I went to service, a nursemaid's place I took,
There was me, said Jane the housemaid, and Margaret the cook;
We all of us had followers, the best of all the three,
Was the young man from the country, as kept company with me.
That young man, &c.

The first time he came into tea, the snow was on the ground,
Next morning master's overcoat was nowhere to be found;
And yet I saw on the peg, when I sat down to tea,
With that young man from the country, as kept company with me.
That young man, &c.

When next he came the dinner things were lying all about,
For Jane that day was busy, and 'twas Margaret's 'Sunday out,'
Two silver forks were stole that night, yet no thief did I see,
No more did that young man as kept company with me.
That young man, &c.

He came again, and yet again, how often I can't say,
And things kept going from the house, in quite an awful way;
We could'nt tell who took 'em, neither Jane, nor cook, nor me,
Nor that young man from the country, as kept company with me.
That young man, &c.

One day a policeman came for me, my evidence to give,
I never shall forget to the longest day I live;
In the Old Bailey there I see, condemned for felony,
That young man from the country as kept company with me.
That young man, &c.

'Twas he as stole the forks and spoons, 'was he the coat as took,
I lost my place next morning, so did Jane, and so did cook.
Young women, all take warning, don't take followers in to tea,
Lest they treat you as that young man from the country treated me.
That young man, &c.

# A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

## The Mistletoe Bough.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the Baron's retainers were all the same
gay,
And keeping the Christmas holiday.
The Baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be,
The star of the goodly company.
Oh, the mistletoe bough.

'I'm weary of dancing now,' she cried.
'Here tarry a moment, I'll hide—I'll hide;
And Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace,
The clue to my secret lurking place.'
Away she ran, and her friends began,
Each tower to search, each nook to scan,
And young Lovell cried, 'O where dost thou
hide!
I'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride.'
Oh, the mistletoe bough.

They sought her that night, they sought her
next day,
And they sought her in vain, when a week
passed away.
In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly but found her
not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last,
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried
'See the old man weeps for his fairy bride.'
Oh, the mistletoe bough.

At length an old chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid—
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
Oh, sad was her fate!—in sportive jest,
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring!—and dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasp'd in her living tomb!
Oh, the mistletoe bough.

---

## My Father's Customs.

Come hither bring the holly-bush to decorate
the hall,
With lofty bough of mistletoe, to hang
around the wall;
Spread wide the snowy table-cloth upon the
shining board,
And bring the best of everything the larder
can afford:
Then place a seat for every guest, let here
the glasses shine,
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be
mine.

Now bring the massive yule-log, the fire pile
well up,
For we must draw around it to drain the
wassail cup;
The harmless joke shall pass aro nd, with
spirits gay and light,
Our laughter shall ring out aloud, and echo
here to-night.

The old their gossip shall enjoy, the youth
with mirth combine,
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be
mine.
Now see the guests assemble, each with a
smiling face,
They bend their head in silence, to ask a
holy grace;
Hark! the glasses rattle; the guests enjoy
the cheer,
And see the viands great and small, quickly
disappear.
Be gay, my friends, be merry boys, to feast
let none decline,
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be
mine.

Now clear away the table-cloth, but let the
wine remain
Bring oranges from Portugal, and grapes
from sunny Spain.
Place here the cakes, and there the nuts, and
there the rich preserve,
Good housewife bring your dainties forth,
keep nothing in reserve.
Then bring the bowl, the jolly bowl, and fill
it up with wine,
This was my father's custom, and so it shall
be mine.

Then clear away the tables, and put aside
each chair,
And let the merry music the jocund dance
prepare,
They play the games—the Christmas games
—blind-man, and hunt the shoe,
And kiss the lasses round and round, under
the mistletoe.
For Christmas comes but once a-year, its
joys let none decline,
These were my father's customs, and so they
shall be mine.

---

## Tippetywitchet.

This morning very handy,
My malady was such,
I in my tea took brandy,
And I took a cup too much. (staggers)
But stop. I musn't mag hard
My headache's if you please,
One pinch of Irish blackguard,
I'll take to give me ease. (sneeze)
Now I'm drowsy growling,
For this very morn
I rose when cock was crowing,
Excuse me if I yawn. (yarns.)
I'm not in the cue for frolic,
Can't my spirits keep,
Love on windy colic,
'Tis that makes me weep. (cries.)
I'm not in mood for crying,
Care's a silly calf,
If to get fat you're trying,
The only way's to laugh. (laugh.)

# A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

## When the fair land of Poland

When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof
Of the ruthless invader, when Might
Completed her triumph o'er Right,
With steel to the bosom, and flame to the roof,
In that moment of danger, when Freedom invoked
All the fetterless sons of her pride,
In a phalanx as dauntless as Freedom e'er yoked,
I fought and I fell by her side:
My birth is noble, unstained my crest,
As thine own:—let this attest.

## The Doctor's Boy.

Listen while I tell to you, I feel so jolly bad,
Have a little patience do, for me a Doctor's lad,
I was brought up at a charity school was never in disgrace,
'Till mother took me away, and made me get a place.

Oh! salts and senna, how you are working me,
I'd sooner go to Jericho than a doctor's boy I'd be.

I has to take the physic out, I has to take it in,
I does the business of the shop, but master takes the tin,
And when there's nothing else to do, he whops me like a Turk,
He jalaps me, and physics me, to see how it does work,

Master hasn't studied much, in taking off a limb,
And every day I do expect, on me he will begin,
He lays me in the water-butt till I am nearly drowned,
And with a new invented stomach pump, he tries to bring me round.

If any patients do come in with the cholera or the gout,
Master takes 'em in a private room, and don't he serve them out,
And when there's any physic left, that don't with them agree,
Master makes me drink it up, so there's nothing lost in me,

When I was in the shop one day, a lady said dear youth,
Is your master in the way? you see I've lost a tooth,
Master came out and collar'd me, and said Tim don't you stir?
Then he drew one out of me, and popp'd it into her,

My inside's like a doctor's shop, I've some of every sort,
Last week some pills I had a dose, salts and senna three quarts,
I wish that I could run away, I'd leave behind my togs,
And do as I've heard Shakespeare say, "throw physic to the dogs."

## The Bonny Light-Horseman.

Ye maidens, wives and widows, too, give attention,
Unto these few lines, tho' dismal to mention;
I'm a maiden distracted, in the deserts I'll roam
To the gods I'll complain for the loss of my love.

Chorus.

Broken-hearted I'll wander, broken-hearted I'll wander,
My bonny light-horseman is slain in the war,

Had I wings like an eagle so quickly I'd fly,
To the very spot were my true love did die;
On his grave would I flutter my out-stretch'd wings,
And kiss his cold lips o'er and o'er again.

Two years and two month since he left England's shore,
My bonny light-horseman that I do adore,
O why was I born, the sad day for to see,
When the drum beat to arms and did force him from me.

Not a duke, lord, or earl, could my love exceed,
Not a finer youth for his king e'er did bleed,
When mounted on horse, he so gay did appeer,
And by all his regiment respected he were.

Like the dove that doth mourn when it loses its mate,
Will I for my love, till I die for his sake;
No man on this earth my affection shall gain,
A maid live and die for my love that is slain.

## To all you Ladies.

To all you ladies now on land.
We men at sea indite;
But first, would have you understand,
How hard it is to write.
The Mus s now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fal lal la, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To hear of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour risk,
Our certain happiness,
All these designs are but to prove,
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fal lal la, &c.

## Wait for the Waggon.

Will you come with me, my Phillis dear, to yon blue mountain free?
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest, come, rove along with me.
It's ev'ry Sunday morning, when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the waggon, and all take a ride.

Chorus.

Wait for the waggon, wait for the waggon.
Wait for the waggon, and we'll all take a ride.

When the river runs like silver, and the birds they sing so sweet,
I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good to eat;
Come, listen to my story, it will relieve my heart,
So jump into the waggon, and off we will start.

Wait for the waggon, &c.

Do you believe, my Phillis dear, old Mike with all his wealth,
Can make you half as happy, as I with youth and health?
We'll have a little farm—a horse—a pig—a cow;
And you shall mind the dairy, while I do guide the plough.

Wait for the waggon, &c.

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick and neat,
All braided up with dahlias, and hollyhocks so sweet.
It's every Sunday morning, when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the waggon, and all take a ride.

Wait for the waggon, &c.

Together on life's journey, we'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no trouble, we'll reach the happy top.
Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely bride?
We'll jump into the waggon, and all take a ride,

Wait for the waggon, &c.

## Man the Life-Boat.

Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
Help, or yon ship is lost!
Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
See how she's tempest-toss'd;
No human power, in such an hour,
The gallant bark can save;
Her main-mast gone, and hurrying on,
She seeks a watery grave.

Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
See the dreadful signal flies,
Ha! she has struck, and from the rock
Despairing ubouts arise;
And one there stands, and rings his hands,
Amid the tempest wild,
For on the beach he cannot reach,
He sees his wife and child.

Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
Now ply the oars amain,
Your pull be strong, your stroke be long,
Or all will yet be vain;
Life-saving ark, yon doomed bark
Immortal souls doth bear;
Nor gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men — brave men are there.

Speed the life-boat! speed the life-boat!
Oh, God! their efforts crown;
She dashes on, the ship is gone,
Full fifty fathoms down!
Ah! see the crew are struggling now,
Amid the billows rose,
They're in the boat, they're all afloat,
Hurrah! they've gain'd the shore.

## The Old Chimney Corner.

In the dear old chimney corner let us circle round the fire,
For the wind it whistles mournfully, chill falls the evening dew,
Our fire has life existence, heap the blazing faggot higher,
As warm and bright it kindles, will each bosom kindle too.
'Tis a friend, a glad companion, thro' the lonely winter night,
Its creation, how delightful! to neglect it were a shame,
How it blazes, how it sparkles, as it bursts from smoke to light,
With life and voice it leaps, it speaks! feed, merry hearts, the flame.

In the snug Old Chimney Corner is the off'ring burnt of home,
The sacrifice of heart at hospitality's own shrine;
The incense of good fellowship, we'll raise to all that come.
From which as high the smoke ascends, we'll omens draw divine.
Blythe fire! what fairy visions in thy cheerful front we trace,
Bright faces, sunny landscapes, that still smile at every care,
Thy ashes tell us we must die, but thoughts of sorrow chase,
And with our fire-side songs, my merry hearts defy despair.

"THE CATNACH PRESS."

# WILLIAM S. FORTEY,

(LATE J. CATNACH.)

## Printer and Publisher,

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